



# The Gleamer

Harvest Issue



October, 1925

THE GLEANER

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Official Organ of the Student Body.

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## We Lose a Friend

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The death of our friend and physician,

### Dr. Swartzlander

is a shock to the boys of Farm School, for his tender administrations have always been a comfort to us in our ailings.

No sacrifice was too great for him to make when we needed him. We are reminded of the tragic Influenza epidemic in 1919, which took its ghastly toll in a great majority of private homes, and in almost every public institution. We are proud to be able to say that, due to the unceasing toil, and almost super-human efforts of Dr. Swartzlander, we suffered not one fatality. The marvel of this can only be understood when we realize that at one time forty boys were afflicted with this disease, and at another time, it was necessary for the Doctor to come on skis, in a fierce blizzard, to save one of the boys whose temperature was approaching the danger point. This trip he made uncomplainingly, although he had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. These are but a few of the demonstrations of his sincere devotion, which was manifest throughout the entire length of his associations with us.

We sorrow with his family, for we feel that we have lost, not only a physician, but also a friend, advisor and teacher; but we also rejoice that it has been our good fortune to have known Dr. Swartzlander and to have felt the sterling influence of his character.



## The Harvest Season



WE ARE about to enter a season of rejoicing; for "Harvest Season" has been one of jubilees and festivals from the remotest ages. The celebration of the ingathering of crops has been a custom of many of the greatest nations. Some of these customs are of very superstitious origin, going so far as to worship the last sheaf of wheat. In Scotland this last sheaf is kept till Christmas, then fed to the cattle "to make them thrive all year round." In Egypt, the harvesting of the last corn is accompanied by weird cries and pious rites. In America we offer up thanks for the mighty deeds of the soil in transforming from insignificant, inedible seeds, food for the world.

It is an occasion to which we all look forward with eagerness, and one whose spirit is warmly and eagerly felt by all those associated with the National Farm School.



Irwin Klein '26

## A Ballyhoo Man in a Circus

By S. Horwitz

Mr. Sparks was talking; in fact, Mr. Sparks was usually talking. His loud, stentorian voice rose above the babble of concessioners, who were endeavoring to sell their various novelties and trinkets to an unsuspecting public. It was an enormous voice, that is, a voice which seemed to get louder and louder with no apparent apex.

The position he assumed was impressive; he stood with feet apart, hands in pocket, displaying a vest which rivaled Joseph's coat. The necktie was what is known as an eyesore, the bright red being tamed by a dot of black here and there. The upper part of the cravat was adorned by a stick pin that was top heavy with a large stone, which **may** have been precious. The cut of his trousers was distinctly western, and not of that species known as collegiate. The top of his huge head was adorned by a wide sombrero encircled by a flashy hatband, mak-

ing it the crowning point of his picturesque attire.

His ruddy face gave one the impression of an over-ripe tomato ready to burst at the first prick. The nose could not be called Roman, yet Mr. Sparks had more than his share of nose. The hard mouth and thick lips provided him with ample protection for his continuous chatter. There seemed to be no beginning or end to his speech and the uninitiated audience could make neither head nor tail of it, much like a coiled snake.

The early patrons of the circus, upon entering the enclosure, would hear Mr. Sparks' oratorical eloquence expressed in the following: "Come one, come all. See the man-eating lion, the American-raised peanut chewer, the famous Farm School tattooed twins, all for a nickel, five cents, a half a dime. Right this way, gentlemen and la-

dies, don't miss the chance of a life-time!"

The late arrivals would see the orator in the same position with the identical posture, the exact garish make-up and the same chatter, far into the night.

It seemed that Mr. Sparks never slept; it also appeared that Mr. Sparks never ate; in fact, it looked as if he never stopped talking, but somehow, somewhere, and in some way, he managed to do all these things.

Mr. Sparks was the very life of the circus; in reality, all the color and glamour of the big top was crowded into his unique personality. The renowned Mr. Addison, who collaborated with Mr. Steele in the writing of the De Coverley Papers, could have advantageously inserted Mr. Sparks prominently in the Spectator's Club as a representative of the circus.

Sam Horowitz

## Seasons of Life

By Carl P. Green

Our lives have seasons like the  
years,

In number, there are four,  
Through vicissitudes of time and  
spheres

We pass, 'till we're no more.  
For are we not like flowers,  
Borne by old Mother Earth,  
And do we not have showers  
Of sorrow and of mirth.

Spring is the birth of love and life,  
And everything is gay,  
For we, the young, who know not  
strife,

Go laughing on our way.  
We bud and thrive in innocence,  
Grow strong and void of sin,  
Then slowly blossom and commence  
To witness horrors grim.

In the summer we are ripened rich  
Into men and women fine,  
And we, with others, form the chain  
that hitch  
Progress with eternal time.  
We reach our zenith or fall below,  
Our lives are now in bloom,

We overcome the tide, or flow  
With other failures to our doom.

The autumn stealthily appears,  
So we flee to a haven of rest  
Where we may spend our declining  
years

In quiet and happiness.  
And there we recall our loss or our  
gain,

We sit and muse over the past,  
In mild contentment or in pain  
We patiently wait for the last.

And then comes the winter, drab  
and cold,

To us who happily lived our day,  
We don't shrink back when we  
realize we're old.

But in peace and calm we pass  
away.

And we bow our heads in reverence  
To Almighty God above,  
And we utter words of repentance  
For our sins of live and love.

And so the seasons of life go on,  
Each one must stand the test.  
May we with the blessing of Him,  
be strong

To give to the world our best.

## Parody Page

With all due respect to upperclassmen and apoloigies to Rudyard Kipling.

“Freshie” ..... By Worth Words  
from “Tommy”

I went into the kitchen late to get m'self some chow,  
The chef, why 'e then up and sez, “We serve no Freshmen now.”  
The waiters in the corner started razzin' fit to die,  
I outs into the dining-room and to m'self sez I:  
    O its Freshman this, and Freshman that, for 'im there ain't no meat,  
    But a Senior gets a late-meal, wit' a lot o' grub to eat,  
    Wit' a lot o' steamin' grub to eat, a lot o' grub to eat,  
    Bah a Senior gets a late-meal, wit' a lot o' grub to eat,  
  
I asked a Senior's girl to dance, while at the Junior 'op,  
An' 'fore I ever blinked an eye, I felt a fist go 'pop',  
An' when I reached my 'feet again, they ad were laughin' loud,  
I 'eld my temper best I could an' staggered thru the crowd.  
    O its “Freshman this,” and Freshman that, yells the Junior wit' a smile,  
    But it's “Please to let ye' help,” when there's work done on the pile,  
    When there's work done on the pile, poor mutts, when there s work done  
        on the pile,  
    But it's “Please to let ye' help,” when there's work done on the pile,  
  
We ain't no rotten underdogs, nor we ain't nobody's fool,  
But we're 'uman guys who live in dorms an' struggle 'ard at school,  
If we do a thing that ain't just right; don't be so hard and mean,  
For after all we're only new an' still are kind o' green.  
    O its “Freshman this,” an' “Freshman that,” “Hey hurry up and wait!”  
    An' they bawl ye' out like all 'ell, when ye' bring the soup in late,  
    You can run us ragged all ye' want; ye' can sock us black and blue—  
    But don't forget that pretty soon we'll all be Juniors too.

---

“Mutilated Mutts” ..... By Worth Words  
Parody on “Danny Deever,” by Kipling.

“What is the whistle blowing for?” the verdent Freshman said.  
“To turn you out, to turn you out, to turn you out of bed.”  
“What makes you look so white, so white?” the Junior loudly called.  
“I'm dreading what is going to come,” said the Freshie as he bawled.  
“For they're raiding we poor fre hmen, and they're placing us in rows,  
And we're all a-shiverin', for we haven't any clothes;  
And what is going t' happen, the good Lord only knows;  
For they're raiding we poor freshmen in the dawnin'.”

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"What makes that red-haired mutt fall flat?" the smiling Junior cried.  
"They've socked 'im hard, they've socked 'im hard," the freshie then replied.  
"What makes 'im kick and snort?" asked the Junior with a smile.  
"They've paddled 'im and kicked 'im and dumped 'im on the pile.  
For they're raiding we poor freshmen and they've blackened every eye,  
And there's not a bloomin' one of us but wished that he would die.  
But I pity the poor freshies when we're juniors bye and bye,  
Af ter gettin' raided badly in the dawnin'.

---

## The Transition of a Freshman

By Horwitz

"Sloppy" McGuire arrived at Farm School resplendent in his new collegiate attire. True, at first glance, you mistook him for a blushing co-ed who has mistaken our famous post office for a beauty parlor. His Oxford trousers of light grey flapped like loose sails on a small craft, while his tight-fitting slipover appeared to be a portion of some flapper's colored waist.

McGuire was proud of his sobriquet. Back home it meant that he was "It." The fact was that he was the "allegator's carbuncle" when it came to the latest style, from a haberdashery viewpoint.

Glancing about the campus, Sloppy deftly rolled his cigarette, making sure he had the proper collegiate flip to it. After having taken in everything to his satisfaction, he nodded his head as if the place would do. Chancing to see a youth walking along unattached, grimy from the dust of the fields, he hailed him thusly: "Hi there, young fellow, do you mind perambulating up here and adjusting thyself to this grip, and escorting said bag and myself to the best room in yon drab

looking hostelry. The lone one meekly attached himself to the bulky bag and brought the newcomer to the room of one, Bulldog O'Shaunnessy, a lover of Freshmen; that is, he loved to paddle them.

That evening, "Sloppy," in company with three-and-forty other verdant Freshmen, were welcomed by the upper-classmen. True, the welcome was neither quiet nor gentlemanly, nor was it without excitement, nevertheless, it was a real welcome. When it came McGuire's turn to be introduced, Bulldog O'Shaunnessy took full charge of the details. After having received a head shampoo in the famous Farm School polluted aqua regia, Bulldog proceeded to teach the misguided youth the five points relative to good horsemanship.

Of course it was accidental that the wires attached to the horse were charged with electricity, but notwithstanding, Sloppy managed to give a fair imitation of a wild west rider. He also gave promise of being a great aid to the future baseball team as he caught every

egg thrown at him, also some that were not, he didn't miss a one.

The next morning he awoke a scolder but wiser youth. Three years

later he graduated from Farm School, "Spike" McGuire, football captain, wearing a plain white shirt and trousers, width sixteen inches.

## Stone Age Theatricals

By Louis Brier and Carl P. Green

You may, or, may not have read in the papers of Dr. Robert Fortescue's important investigations and excavations in the wilds of Kentucky. Since the untimely decease of the eminent archaeologist, certain valuable manuscripts, in his possession, have been turned over to the National Institute of Archaeology. By far the most important of these manuscripts, justifying Dr. Fortescue's assertions of the prehistoric inhabitants of America, is a parchment of a play, written in hieroglyphics of an unknown character, dating back, in all probability, to 3512 B. C.

After many vain attempts to decipher the tongue, Mr. Xanthippe Lilliput has at last accomplished success. After much preparation, and at great expense, the editors of this periodical have been able to make possible for publication, a literal translation of the aforesaid manuscript, by Mr. Xavier Brobdingnag.

### Hearts and Clubs

#### Cast

Rollem.....Heroine.  
Shakem.....Hero.  
Readem.....Rollem's Poppa.  
Crap.....Villain.  
Time—Daylight Saving.

Scene—Mr. Readem's stone mansion on the Neshaminy x<sup>1</sup>.

Scene opens in the Salone<sup>2</sup>.

The old man enters with a dead Dinosaur<sup>3</sup> for supper. Rollem is placing clean gravel sheets over the bed.

Rollem (ceasing work)—Whatho! Father!

Readem (laying down Dinosaur)—Yoho! Darter!

Rollem (eyeing Dinosaur)—Only one Dinosaur for supper? Alas! We shall starve.

Readem—"Tis the best I can do. We shall have to subsist on what meager fare<sup>4</sup> we have.

Rollem—And the rent is due today! Readem—Ah daughter mine! If you would only do as I say!

Rollem—Says which?

Readem—Marry the landlord, it is the only solution. He is rich and loves thee in the bargain.

Rollem—Never!

Readem—But daughter!

Rollem—Nay nothing can swerve me from my course—I love Shakem.

Readem (getting hot)—Shakem? That big Eohippus<sup>5</sup>? I knew his father when he didn't have two fig leaves<sup>6</sup> to his name.

<sup>1</sup> x is silent like z in fish.

<sup>2</sup> Ancient Kentucky word for cellar.

<sup>3</sup> Ancient form of field mouse.

<sup>4</sup> Nothing to do with the P. R. T.

<sup>5</sup> Synonymous for fathead.

<sup>6</sup> Ancient for kollegiate kut klothng.

Rollem—It does not matter if he does not own even one fig leaf.

Readem—I insist that you marry Crap, the landlord.

Rollem—I will not!

Readem (beginning to sob, sits in a chair holding his head in his hands)—Ah daughter mine! I have raised you from a heifer<sup>7</sup> and now you go against my will. (Cries.)

Enter Crap (filled to the gills<sup>8</sup>.)

Crap—I have come to settle a certain matter.

Rollem—What's the matter?

Crap—I would a word with your father. (Walks over to Readem.)

Crap—Your rent is due.

Readem—Do it?

Crap—Pay or leave.

Readem—Leave what?

Crap—Leave the house.

Readem—I cannot pay you. I am destitute<sup>9</sup>.

Crap looks over to Rollem.

Crap (suggestively)—You have a pretty daughter.

Readem—True but it means nothing, it will not pay the rent.

Crap—Perhaps it will.

Rollem (defiantly)—Perhaps it won't!

Crap—Aha proud beauty. Ye will not yield?

Rollem—Not on your life, boy!<sup>10</sup>

Struggle ensues. (Enter Shakem.)

Shakem—Ah fowl villain, unhand her!

Crap sneers and continues to wrestle with fair maiden, embracing her.

Shakem draws a club<sup>11</sup>.

Shakem—Defend thee villain!

Crap throwing aside Rollem, draws a bottle of "schnapps"<sup>12</sup> just as Shakem lunges forward. Shakem takes one sniff and falls to the floor in great agony. (Rollem laughs hysterically.)

Shakem—Laugh false woman you are tainted!

Rollem—Taint so!

Crap (banging Rollem over the head)—She may be a bootlegger's daughter but I love her still.

Finis<sup>13</sup>

## Mark Twain's Masterpieces

Louis Brier '28

We must read Mark Twain once to enjoy his vitalic humor; twice to appreciate his far-reaching philosophy, and once again to fully realize the extent of his wonderful genius. All his humor no matter how nonsensical, has an undercurrent of sound wisdom. It is because of that, that he was so great.

Twain was not an infant prodigy. He was born with talent, but it took a long time for it to come to the surface. However, when it did arrive it came with a crash that was heard to the ends of the earth.

"The Jumping Frog" is the first intimation of the genius that slumbered within. This story of Riley and

<sup>7</sup> Ancient flapper.

<sup>8</sup> Soused.

<sup>9</sup> Flat as a doormat.

<sup>10</sup> Nothing to do with the soap.

<sup>11</sup> Poker was still unknown in those days.

<sup>12</sup> Pre-war stuff.

<sup>13</sup> Not a nationality.

his incurable habit of wagering became immensely popular when first published, and gave Mark Twain literary push-off.

Many stories, more or less important, followed. Then came the "Innocents Abroad," by far one of the most delightful travel books ever written. In it the author becomes humorously skeptical. He takes nothing for granted; he has to be shown. He sneers at time-worn fallacies and superstitions, but at no time becomes sacreligious. Where credit is due he gives it.

Next in line is "Roughing It," a narrative concerning his own experiences in the gold mines in California. Then came "Tom Sawyer,"

the epic of American boyhood. It is a story that will never become old-fashioned, for inasmuch as fashions change, Mark Twain has caught the very soul of boyhood, and that will never change.

"Huckleberry Finn" is an even greater piece of literature. In it he brings forth all his great genius; it is truly his masterpiece.

There are many more of his books I wish I could review, had I but the space to do so. There is "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Tramp Abroad" and "Puddinghead Wilson," and many others. For a really entertaining evening, Mark Twain is without a peer in fictiondom.

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## My Castle of Love

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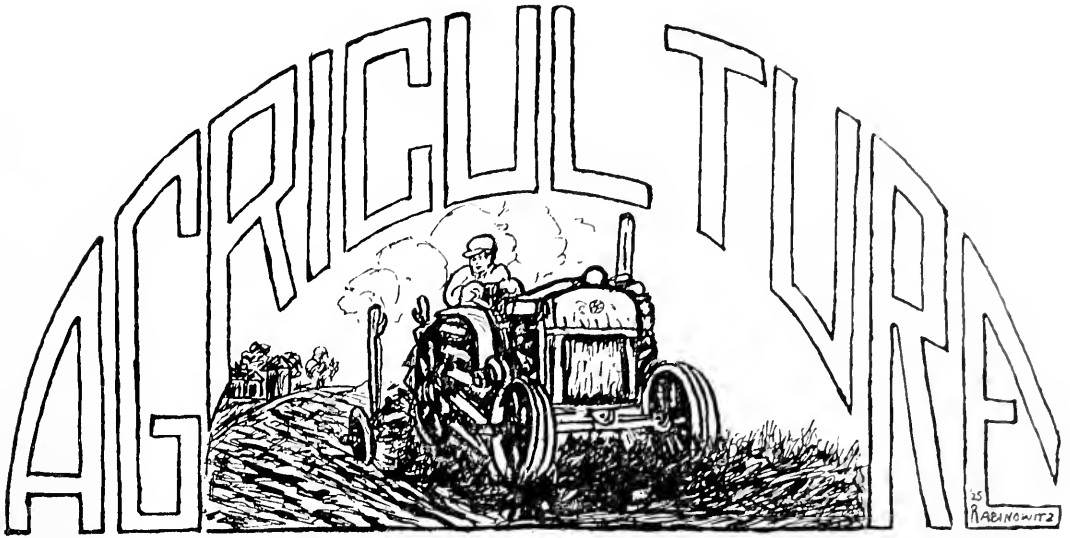
Solis Galob '26

'Twas late in the Spring when I started to build  
My castle of Love, and the time was all filled  
With dreaming and planning for one that would last,  
For Romance is blind to the days fleeting past.

I toiled at my task day and night all alone,  
Scaling my heart in its small cornerstone,  
Cementing with kisses each pillar above,  
Surpassing all dreams was my castle of love.

Thru Summer and Fall my creation stood well,  
But when Winter came it soon crumbled and fell,  
And thus from a cause which I nothing know of,  
Fate did not sanction my castle of love.

My dreams are all shattered, there's one thing to do,  
I've mortar and stone enough to build anew,  
I'll clear all the ruins and build a new home,  
But my heart is still sealed in the old cornerstone.



M. Grossfield '26

## Grape Culture

J. Asch '26

About two hundred years ago, European and other grapes were brought here in large quantities, but they could not adapt themselves to the environment. After two centuries of such experiences, men began to realize that they must rely on the native grapes, of which there were so many. The past seventy years, therefore, have witnessed the development of our native varieties. The reason the European grapes failed in the East, was in part due to winter injury, but mainly to black rot, mildew, and phylloxera, which is a small louse which lives on the roots of all grapes.

Some of the important native wild grapes are: Aestivalis, Herbermont, Lenoir, Virginia, and Cynthiana—all prominent summer grapes.

Labrusca, or Fox grape, this is the parent of the Concord, Catawba, Worden and Niagara varieties.

One must have the proper location for the variety he hopes to grow. Two factors enter into the location, latitude and altitude.

The grape shows marked drought-resisting ability. The best quality fruit is grown, and it is most free from fungi where there is relatively scanty rainfall. An excessive rainfall forces too great a growth of vine, retards the right setting of the fruit, favors certain diseases, and weakens the root system.

If the soil is too rich, the plants may easily get out of hand and fail to produce fruit. A light, pliable, well-drained soil is generally preferred.

Land is usually prepared by growing clover crops on it prior to planting. It is best fall plowed. A good planting distance is eight by eight and a half feet. The distance apart depends upon (a) the soil,

the poorer it is the closer the plants; and (b) the variety, strong growers need the greater area.

In planting, the roots of the young plants are usually cut back. The top, usually to three buds.

In the Chautauqua region in New York, posts six to eight feet long are used. They are driven eighteen inches in the ground. The lower wire is placed twenty-eight or thirty inches from the ground, and the upper wire thirty inches above it.

The wires are put to the windward side. One post is used for every three vines or about twenty-seven feet apart. The end posts should be well braced. All posts may need to be strengthened each spring.

In the Southern States three wires are used, the first is twenty-four inches from the ground, and the sec-

ond and third wires a foot apart higher up.

New varieties are propagated from seeds. Fixed varieties are reproduced from cuttings. These are made as soon as the leaves fall in the autumn, from well-ripened wood. The grape is easily grafted so that an undesirable variety may be quickly changed. The ordinary cleft graft is used. Grafting is best done in early spring. Most commercial planters prefer first grade, one-year-old vines.

It is essential to know whether a variety is capable of fertilizing itself or not. Sterile varieties must have a pollinizer with them and should not be planted in large blocks. It will be necessary to plant a few rows of a variety which can pollinize the particular variety grown. Poor pollenization means unmarketable clusters of fruit.

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At the present writing, all the general farms are practically finished with their work for the summer. Fall plowing is going on apace. Silage-making will be started September 8, and it is safely expected that the 75 acres of corn at Farm No. 6 will be more than enough to fill our new 350-ton silo.

The second cutting of hay was very good, owing to the heavy rainfall. About 60 acres have been seeded down to grass, mostly straight alfalfa. About 50 acres more still remains to be prepared and planted.

The new dairy barns have been completed and the cows are now in their new quarters. All the herdsmen report a very good milk flow,

despite the fact that quite a few cows are approaching their lactation period.

---

Potato digging is still going on; returns, therefore, are incomplete.

Millet produced very well, the crop being used either for soiling or for hay.

The Greenhouse Department has been far from inactive. About 10,000 snapdragons have been planted; 3,000 will be used for an early planting, and the remainder for a late crop.

Carnations are showing promise of a excellent early crop. Blossoms are expected by October Big Day.

The Chrysanthemums are also doing very well; the plants have

made a tall and sturdy growth and from all indications, a bumper crop is due.

A bed of early sweet peas is coming along very nicely. The blooms will be ready for picking shortly.

This is the "rush season" for the horticulture department. For it is mostly at this time that they reap the profits of their toil.

Evidently the Farm School peach orchard is about the only one in Bucks County having a 100 per cent crop. This is due to the brown rot, Oriental peach moth, and peach scab attacking nearby orchards, but very little to our own. Two rows of Hyley Bell and one row of Carman peaches brought in \$400. The Elberta peach, a yellow free-stone, is now coming into ripeness. The crop is very heavy, and the demand great. The price is higher than other years.

Preparations are under way to put on the paradichlorobenzine treatment for the borer, which is due about September 10. In the nine years the orchard has existed there have only been four cases of peach yellows. The affected trees have been cut out instantly.

The vegetables that have been planted in the young peach orchard are all producing very well. The main crop of tomatoes will come in next month, at which time they will command a better price than now.

The eggplants and peppers both are coming along fine, and the outlook for lima beans is very fair.

The regular vegetable gardens have been supplying the kitchen with produce regularly during the summer.

Owing to the recent wet spell the celery was attacked by the celery blight. This is a fungus disease and turns the leaves and stems yellow and dries them up. The affected stems were picked off and the remainder sprayed with Pyrox. The plants were also top-dressed with Nitrate of Soda. This stimulates their growth and makes them more resistant to the disease.

Recently a nursery inspector from the State Bureau inspected our stock and advised the removal of a number of pussy willows which were infested with borers; also two white pines which had been killed by these insects. The Spirea Van Houttei and Spirea Anthony Waterer have been sprayed for green aphids. One hundred and forty-eight Stayman Winesap and Grimes seedlings have been budded and it is expected that 90 per cent will take.

The poultry department is alive and kicking. Pens Nos. 3 and 5 have been cleaned out to receive the fall pullets. About 200 extra pullets are on hand this year, and will be placed in the new poultry house. Breeders will be selected from the cockerels some time next month.

Last but not least, the apiary department, the sweetest department of all. So far about 450 pounds of honey have been extracted, and more coming. The number of colonies has been increased to 60. Queen-rearing is to start soon.

Another season has gone by. Soon it will be time to sit down and plan for the next.

## Who's Who in Farm School Athletics

---

James Work

Just as Harvard has its Eddie Mahan; Ohio State, its Chic Harley, so, also, Farm School has its athletic heroes. Foremost among these heroes stands James Work, better known as Jimmy. His versatility on the athletic field and ability as a leader, has gone down prominently in the annals of Farm School history.

As a baseball player Jimmy proved to be a good first-baseman and a reliable hitter. On the cinder path he was a veritable streak, and still holds all existing Farm School dash records, which bid fair to remain intact for some time to come. He also captained the track team to numerous victories. Good as Jimmy was in these two sports, he was still greater on the gridiron. Some of his feats are still recalled, particularly his touchdown after receiving a pass in the P. I. D. game of 1913, which spelled defeat for our ancient rivals. His ability as a football player took in all departments of the game. Sure as he was on the receiving end of a pass, he was just

as good at throwing them. Goals after touchdown were as good as chalked up with Jimmy doing the booting. As a tackle, he was par excellence, for time after time he would avert enemy touchdowns by his deadly tackling. On end runs he used his speed to advantage, proving to be Farm School's greatest ground gainer in his three years of varsity playing.

However, Work excels in something far more vital; something that assured us that Jimmy would sooner or later find his way to the top. This something is his great leadership, his dynamic personality with which he instilled his players with the real fighting spirit, so that time and again they came from behind, changing defeat into a seemingly impossible victory.

After graduating, Jimmy, feeling he could be of some help to his Alma Mater, coached the football squad, turning out the great 1920 team.

Yes, Farm School can truly be proud of James Work.

S. Horwitz '26



LOUIS SANTORIA '26

### Spirit

The first call for candidates for the 1925 football varsity was answered by a peppy bunch of sixty fellows. Everyone showed true fight and spirit.

Of the sixty candidates, there were six letter men: Captain Gordon, Santoria, Regal, Horwitz, Kisber, and Klien, and a good number of numeral men.

The Freshman class contributed Joe Lynch, Stud Elliot, Bernard, Lew Cohen, and several other prospects.

Coach Samuels has an array of linesmen and backfield men who are showing keen competition for the coveted positions on the team. Linesmen are Klienfeld, Hardiman, Levin, Friefield, Semel and many others. Backfield men are Captain Gordon, Santoria, Kisber, Horwitz, Klein, Davis, Regal and Borushik,

with Lipman, Blummer and Bachman taking turns at center.

Mr. Samuels comes to us with an enviable record, from Massachusetts Agricultural College, where he captained their championship basketball team. He also held a berth on the Massachusetts baseball team.

While a student at Farm School, Mr. Samuels called the signals for the famous 1920 football team, and in every way proved himself to be a true athlete. He has been working our football squad for all they're worth, and we are confident that every man will be playing up to par when he "gets in it."

One needs only to see the fierce playing during our practice games, to realize the competition every man is up against in order to hold his place on the varsity.

We can safely boast that the spirit of the entire student body is ace high, and this is what will carry us through a thoroughly successful season.

1925 Football Schedule

Some of the teams we play are as follows:  
Sept. 26—Doylestown—Home.  
Oct. 3—Temple U. Freshmen—Home.  
Oct. 10—Bangor—Away.  
Oct. 17—Jersey State Normal—Home.  
Oct. 23—Abington—Away.  
Oct. 31—Souderton—Home.  
Nov. 7—P. I. D.—Home.  
Nov. 14—George School—Away.  
Nov. 21—Lancaster—Away.  
Nov. 26—Ocean City—Away.

Farm School's Baseball Season--1925

No one realizes the great team that Farm School put on the baseball field during the season of the

P. I. D. 2; N. F. S. 1			
P. I. D.		N. F. S.	
R H O A		R H O A	
Evans, cf.....	0 1 0 0	Santoria, 3b.,	0 2 1 0
Seward, 1b.....	1 1 6 0	Borushik, ss.,	0 3 1 3
Rowe, rf.....	1 1 0 0	Elliot, 1b.....	0 2 5 0
Mahon, 2b.....	0 1 1 2	Horowitz, lf.,	0 0 9 0
Yiengst, 3b....	0 0 1 0	Gordon, 2b....	1 1 2 0
Sheppard, ss.,	0 0 0 2	Regal, c.....	0 0 4 0
Hovenac, lf.,	0 0 2 0	Stonisch, cf.,	0 0 3 0
Miller, p.....	0 2 2 1	Doremus, p.,	0 3 2 4
Eby, c.....	0 2 15 2	Kleinfeld, rf.,	0 2 0 0
		Hardin'n, x.,	0 0 0 0
Totals.....	2 8 27 7	Totals.....	1 13 27 7

x Batted for Stonisch in 9th.  
P. I. D.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2  
N. F. S.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1  
Errors—P. I. D.—Sheppard, Eby, N. F. S., Horowitz, Regal.  
Three-base hit—Seward.  
Two-base hits—Rowe, Doremus.  
Struck out—by Miller, 15; by Doremus, 4.  
Left on base—P. I. D., 9; N. F. S., 6.  
Umpire—Harton, of Doylestown.

Spring of '25. From Captain Lou Santoria and on down the line, it was a better team than anyone thought, considering the teams they played, although winning only two games. Here is a list of the teams Farm School met and the scores.

First came Upper Darby High. We lost to them, 8 to 7, after an extra-inning battle. They later won the championship of the Suburban League. Easton defeated us the following week by the score of 4-2. They were the runners-up of the League. Lansdale was shut out by Farm School to the tune of 6-0,

T. U. I. C. 14; N. F. S. 7

T. U. I. C.		N. F. S.	
R H O A		R H O A	
Dan'ziate, 3b.,	2 1 1 1	Santoria, 3b.,	2 2 0 0
Col'mos'a, ss.,	2 3 1 3	Borushik, ss.,	1 2 1 5
Keller, c.....	2 2 10 4	Elliot, 1b.....	1 2 9 0
Th'mas, p, cf.,	2 3 0 1	Stonisch, cf.,	1 3 0 0
Piscelli, cf, p.,	1 1 1 0	Horowitz, lf.,	1 2 0 0
DeLise, 2b.....	1 3 7 0	Regal, c.....	1 1 12 5
Bove, lf.....	1 1 0 0	Kleinfeld, rf.,	0 3 0 0
Nerleght, 1b.,	0 0 5 1	Doremus, p.,	0 1 0 4
Sogel, rf.....	0 0 2 0	Fishtein, 2b.,	0 0 1 0
Bitrus, rf.....	0 1 0 0	Wiseman, cf.,	0 0 0 0
Doyle, p.....	0 0 0 0	Gordon, 2b.,	0 0 4 0
		Davis, cf.....	0 0 0 0
Totals.....	10 15 27 10	Totals.....	7 16 27 14

T. U. I. C.....5 3 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—10  
N. F. S.....4 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—7  
Errors—T. U. I. C.—Colamosca, Keller, 3.  
N. F. S.—Borushik, 2; Elliot, Regal, 2; Doremus.  
Two base hits—Regal.  
Struck out—by Thomas, 2; by Doyle, 8; by Doremus, 7.  
Left on base—N. F. S., 4; T. U. I. C., 4.  
Three-base hits—Colamosca, Santoria, Borushik.  
Umpire—Campbell.

thereby chalking up our first victory of the season. Lansdale is the winner of the Bux-Mont League. We traveled to Girard College and were defeated 11-5. Next came the strong George School nine, who had previously defeated Girard College, but we romped home with our second victory, winning by the surprising score of 10-3. Germantown High defeated us 12-6. They are the winners of the Philadelphia Public High School League. P. I. D. defeated us the following week on their own grounds by the score of 13-6. The biggest scare of the season was given to P. I. D. a few weeks later, and a surprise to Farm

School, when on our own home grounds they barely beat us, 2-1. By the way, P. I. D. defeated Germantown and did not lose a game during the past season. Farm School could not present their full strength during the major part of the season, due to new eligibility rules. After playing an array of championship ball teams as just mentioned, we realize that Farm School has had a good team after all.

Coaches Rogers and Campbell and Captain Santoria deserve much credit for their admirable work in whipping the team into shape.

#### P. I. D. 15; N. F. S. 6

N. F. S.				P. I. D.			
R H O A				R H O A			
Borushik, ss.	0	1	1	1	Evans, cf.	.....	3 3 5 0
Santoria, 3b.	1	2	2	2	Seward, 1b.	.....	2 2 4 2
Elliot, 1b.	.....	0	3	7	Rowe, rf.	.....	2 3 0 0
Stonisch, cf.	.....	0	0	5	Mahon, 2b.	.....	2 1 4 1
Horowitz, lf.	.....	0	1	3	Yeingst, 3b.	.....	1 3 3 0
Gordon, 2b.	.....	2	3	3	Sheppard, ss.	.....	1 2 1 0
Regal, c.	.....	2	2	3	Hovenac, if.	.....	3 3 1 0
Doremus, p.	.....	0	2	0	Miller, p.	.....	0 0 1 0
Kleinfeld, rf.	.....	0	0	0	Eby, c.	.....	1 1 8 0
Wiseman, rf.	.....	0	0	0			
Fishtein, cf.	.....	1	0	0			
Totals	.....	6	14	24	9	Totals	.....151827 6

N. F. S. .... 0 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 0—6

P. I. D. .... 0 0 3 2 1 6 2 1 x—15

Errors—N. F. S.—Borushik, Santoria, Stonisch, 3; Gordon, Regal. P. I. D.—Seward, Mahon.

Base on balls—off Miller, 2; off Doremus, 2.

Struck out—by Miller, 5; by Doremus, 2.

Two-base hits—Horowitz, Regal, Evans, Rowe, Mahon, Yeingst, Hoganec.

Double play—Borushik to Gordon to Elliot. Left on bases—N. F. S., 10; P. I. D., 6.

Umpire—Gideon.

#### G. H. S. 14; N. F. S. 6

G. H. S.				N. F. S.			
R H O A				R H O A			
Golden, ss.	.....	2	3	2	3	Fishtein, c.	.....2 1 5 1
Knox, rf.	.....	2	1	1	0	Borushik, ss.	.....1 2 0 2
Robinson, p.	.....	1	1	0	2	Santoria, 3b.	.....0 1 3 2
Gillespie, c.	.....	1	4	5	2	Stonisch, cf.	.....0 2 0 0
Sykes, 3b.	.....	1	2	0	3	Horowitz, lf.	.....1 1 2 0
Hirchcliff, lf.	.....	1	1	1	0	Kleinfeld, 1b.	.....0 1 15 0
Oravol'ty, cf.	.....	2	0	2	0	Gordon, 2b.	.....2 1 1 4
Benner, 2b.	.....	1	1	5	3	Doremus, p.	.....0 2 1 5
Chadwick, 1b.	.....	3	3	11	1	Klein, rf.	.....0 0 0 0
Totals	.....	14	16	27	14	Totals	.....6 112714

G. H. S. .... 0 1 0 1 0 3 1 5 3—14

N. F. S. .... 0 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 0—6

Errors—Germantown H. S.—Gillespie, 2; Benner, Chadwick. N. F. S.—Santoria, Kleinfeld, Gordon.

Three-base hits—Golden, Hirchoff.

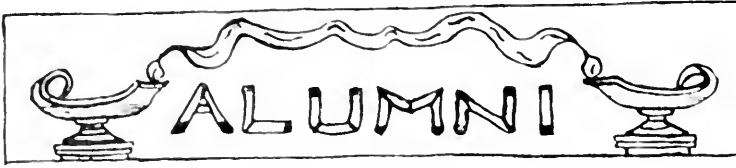
Home run—Borushik.

Base on balls—off Robinson, 5; off Doremus, 7.

Struck out—by Robinson, 4; by Doremus, 4.

Two-base hits—Knox, Gillespie, 2; Chadwick, Horowitz, Doremus.

Umpire—Rogers.



JOHN ASCH '26

**1925**

We are very glad to announce that Martin and Meyer Cohien are the first ones of the last graduating class to own a farm. They have a thirty-acre fruit, vegetable and poultry farm with nine hundred feet frontage on the Vineland State Highway. Their address is R. F. D. No. 6, Vineland, N. J.

**1924**

N. Brewer is an association tester. He is connected with the Michigan State College Extension Bureau, and is doing very well. His address is Care General Delivery, Niles, Mich.

E. Elliot is a dairy man at East Lansing, Michigan.

**1923**

B. Savage is a law student in Baltimore, Md. He lives at 1720 Eutaw Place.

J. Wiener is market gardening at Glenside, Pa.

**1922**

B. Berlack is a student at the University of Florida, at Gainesville, Fla.

J. Rabinowitz owns an orchard at Worcester, Mass.

**1921**

Harry and Morris Krause own a farm in Spring Valley, N. Y.

I. Silverman is a fruit grower at Van Nuys, California. Address his mail to Route No. 1, Box. 321.

**1918**

J. McCall is an agricultural advisor for the Lockhaven Farm Bureau. He resides at 700 East Church street, Lockhaven, Pa.

**1916**

Harry Zack runs a nursery establishment at the Deep River Gardens, Deep River, Conn.

**1915**

C. Nusbaum is a dairy chemist at 4112 Windsor Street, Pittsburgh, Penna.

**1907**

A. Miller is President of the American Bulb Co., in Chicago. Address correspondence to him to the American Bulb Co., 1012 North Wabash Street, Chicago, Ill.

**1902**

Bruce Mayne is an Entomologist at Pasadena, Cal.

**1901**

H. Rich is a tobacco expert at Hartford, Conn.

# Class and Clubs

## The Freshman Class

We are hard at work on our banquet now, although the date is still a mystery. However, we don't intend to be caught napping when the date is set.

Coach Horowitz expects to whip a strong team into shape for the Freshman-Junior football tussle, with Joe Lynch captaining the squad. Max Levine is our manager, and we also expect a lot from him on the gridiron.

Our officers for the remainder of the year are—D. Friedland, President; E. Bernhardt, Vice-President; R. Gell, Secretary; B. Goradetsky, Treasurer and P. Elliot, Sergeant-at-arms.

R. Gell '28, Secy.

## Class of 1927

At the meeting of the Class of '27 on August 19, 1925, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months of the Junior year:

Ira Wechsler, President; Archibald Cohen, Vice President; Samuel Price, Secretary, and Harry Bachman, Treasurer.

Senate Members: Ira Wechsler, Isidore Levin, Samuel Katz.

Student Council: Walter Huff, David Weisberg.

We are certain that these men will continue the good work of their predecessors, and want them to feel that they have our enthusiastic support in all their endeavors.

Class of '27

## The Last Short Mile

We are now on the last lap of our three year stay at N. F. S. In five more months we'll be bidding a tearful farewell to our dear old Alma Mater.

At present we are earning our "Year Book" expenses by working for nearby farmers. We have sixty days in which to do this, half of which was given to us by the school, and half by the Seniors themselves.

At a recent meeting, the following officers were elected to conclude the year—Joe Kleinfeld, President; Irwin Klein, Vice-President; Herb Fishtein, Secretary; Clif. Doremus, Treasurer.

H. Fishtein '26, Secy.

# CAMPUS NEWS

SOLIS GALOB '26

MARTIN B. ROSENTHAL '26

A. T. COHEN '26

WILLIAM WOLFSON '27

four Piano

e Weisberg and  
chwartz

—

own the hall?  
him bawl.  
storing melons

n his back?  
n must crack.  
ling at him now?  
your melons  
o tellin's  
our melons now."  
hide them  
d them  
ed them now."  
ay  
ing, I did say,

LOOK DAVE, there's some melons"  
"Yes Gravy, they're swell melons."  
"Say kid, let's take some melons now."

## Announcement

The Gleaner Staff is pleased to award a Merit to Sam Horwitz, for his many worthy contributions to this magazine.

We wish to inform all students that they are eligible for a similar reward each issue. The only requirements are, a little ability and a little ambition. Competition should be considerably keener in the forthcoming issues for we will be getting back to our studies once more.

### House of David News

The first meeting of the Clan was held on August 29th, with the Bearded Wizard, Levin, presiding.

All members were accounted for.

Mr. Plain's resignation as advisor was read. It was hotly discussed because we didn't want to see him leave our midst. Finally it was accepted.

Mr. Samuels was put up for the new advisor, but it was found that he shaved, against the rules of the Clan.

Brother Kisber read an article concerning the propagation of beards by a clan recently organized in Japan.

He suggested sending a committee to study their by-laws to see if they had been copied from our own rules. The committee reached Philadelphia, got broke, and returned with a report of expenses.

The growing of a mustache by Mr. Mayer, our advisor, was very much discussed. Our Vice Bearded Wizard, Goldberg, tried to offer him some competition; however, after seeing how beautiful Mr. Mayer's mustache was coming along, asked permission from the Bearded Wizard to withdraw. Permission was granted and you can now see his upper lip on Saturday and Sunday.

To climax the meeting, a salesman from the A. Long Beard Shaving Co. gave a wonderful talk on the various methods used to grow long, tough, heavy beards. After the lecture, he found his samples missing. The doors were locked and the members searched. No

samples were found. He promised to send each member a sample and bid us good-by.

A week later it was noticed that Holloway, Levitsky, Asch, and Green were growing beards like the veterans of the clan. Nobody could explain the mystery until a sample tube was found in Holloway's room. The villain got three days off his vacation.

Teetsie '26

### The English Language

A weather vane is never vain  
And has no vein of humor.  
A window pane is free from pain,  
No roomer free from rumor.  
A strait is very seldom straight.  
A knight is seldom dark;  
You see no beer besides a bier,  
No bark upon a barque.

Shad roe could never row a boat—  
A Dane might deign to row one.  
A coat was never known to quote—  
A bough will never bow to no one!  
A boy once threw right through a door  
A cent they sent him seeking  
And while they talked the matter o'er  
He showed his pique by peeking.

A ruler reigns in rain or shine  
With reins held tight or loose.  
One may be nine yet not benign—  
A mite might still reduce.  
The monkey climbs in tropic climes  
And leaps both high and low.  
And I have made these monkey rhymes  
Because I knead the dough.  
William F. Kirk

Every Day Is a Holiday

Hiram felt as though he wasn't receiving enough recompense for the work he was doing, so decided to ask his boss for a raise. However, after hearing the boss' reply, was thankful that his pay was not lowered. The reply was as follows:

There are 365 days in the year. You sleep 8 hours per day, making 122 days which, subtracted from 365 days, leaves 243 days. You have 8 hours' recreation each day, also making 122, leaving 121 days. There are 52 Sundays that you don't work, leaving a balance of 69 days. Our store is closed every Saturday afternoon, giving 52 half-holidays, or 26 days that you don't work, making a balance (after deduction) of 43 days. We allow one hour each noon for lunch, making 16 days, or a balance of 27 days. We give two weeks' vacation during the year, which leaves only 13 days. There are 12 legal holidays during the year, when we are closed. This leaves only one day in the year, and that's Yom Kippur, and we don't keep open.

Sheik—"Do you know there wasn't another girl like yours at the dance."

Weisburg—"Is that so?"

Sheik—"Yes, all the other girls were over thirteen."

Weisman—"I hear they are going to have the kitchen in the basement, and have dumb-waiters to carry the food up to the dining-room."

Posner—"Get dumb-waiters! Why, man, we've had them all along!"

Collegiate

There's not a word that's more mis-used

And trampled on or more abused,  
No adjective or synonym  
That suffers like "Collegiate."

When women grown up just in years

Begin to shave behind the ears,  
It makes one think that Scopes was right,

But **they** say it's "Collegiate."

And when some brainless, stupid fool

Who's never been inside a school  
Puts on a pair of baggy pants,  
He calls himself "Collegiate."

Old Mother Eve would burn with shame

Were she to come to Earth again,  
And find that she had set the style  
For clothes that are "Collegiate."

When one has set his heart and mind

To analyze and knowledge find,  
And goes to Harvard, Yale or State,  
Of course he's not "Collegiate!"

Solis Galob '26

The Chislers

A new organization was recently started at N. F. S. Its name, as you all know, is the "Chistlers." The Club meets whenever the Candy Store is open.

Friefield and Archie Cohen, the best chisling pair at the school, called a gathering in the basement of Ullman Hall. Friefield was elected King Chisler and Archie Cohen, Past Master. These high

offices were obtained by many days of hard and strenuous grubbing.

The Chislers are dominating the Candy Store. Here's how they work.

Time: Whenever the Candy Store is open.

Enter a poor, innocent, dumb, Freshman.

He observes the occupants of the room and finds them busily yapping and chewing at the same time. Leisurely, he asks for a soda and flashes a dollar bill on the counter.

A signal is given by a chisler and he is besieged by the mob. Nineteen bottles of pop are brought out and another dollar bill has gone toward heating up the gym.

Exit Freshman, sucking a lolly-pop (proceeds from his investment).

Enter—Galob, who tries to bum a cigarette from the crowd, but is unsuccessful. Leans against the counter and carries on a heated conversation with Teetsie. Suddenly he slips a nickel to Teetsie, grabs a peanut chew and rushes from the room, thus putting one over on the common people.

The crowd looks on with amazement. They have been caught un-awares.

Moral—Don't come to the A. A. store with more than you can spend.  
Teetsie Cohen '26

### If You Want a Thriller

1. Always beat the train to the crossing.

2. Have a playful friend who always rocks the boat.

3. Look for leaks in your gas pipes with matches.

4. Go swimming in a place where there are only a few sharks.

5. Masquerade as a Negro at a K. K. K. meeting.

6. Pick apples where a bulldog is kept.

7. Be put up for President in Mexico.

8. Go to Philly with Carl Schiff some time.

9. Shoot "crap" on the steps of Lasker Hall.

10. Come to details an hour before the rest of the bunch and milk the whole herd.

11. Pick an argument with John Asch when there's a chair within his reach.

### The Junior Prom

The most eagerly awaited event of the year arrived August 15th, when the Junior Prom was held. Just as football and baseball victories go down in the history of Farm School so will this dance.

Archie Cohen and his staff of decorators gave the gym a highly artistic appearance. The class colors, purple and gold, were in full display.

The orchestra fitted the occasion as was proven by the peppy stepping of the couples on the floor.

The girls enjoyed the dance immensely under the chaperonage of Mrs. Ostrolenk.

Juniors, keep up the unfailing spirit of the class of 1927.

Weisberg '27

When the next dance comes along we wonder if Carl Schiff will want nine invitations.

*The Only Draw Back*

I think that I should like to be a  
sailor;  
They say a sailor's life is full of  
sport;  
He visits many, many foreign coun-  
tries  
And has a different girl in every  
port.  
They're all so far apart that there's  
no danger  
Of being caught with Jane or Mar-  
jorie.  
I think that I should like to be a  
sailor—  
If it wasn't that I'd have to go to  
sea.

Harold Bloom '28

---

Samuel Johnson, the great Eng-  
lish lexicographer, was once caught  
by his wife kissing their cook. On  
seeing them she exclaimed, "Why,  
I'm surprised."

To which he, not to be taken  
aback, corrected her.

"No, my dear, you are aston-  
ished; I am surprised."

---

Teacher (to class) — "Can any-  
one tell me what the King of Russia  
was called?"

Sammy—"Czar."

Teacher—"Who can tell me what  
the Queen was called?"

Rosie—"Czarina."

Teacher—"Now who knows what  
their children were called?"  
(Whereupon a hand went up ex-  
citedly at the rear of the room.)

Teacher—"Well, what is it,  
Benny?"

Benny—"Czardines."

*Sense and Nonsense*

---

Some time ago a shower of black  
rain in Hampshire occupied the at-  
tention of scientists. Such an event  
is not without precedent. In No-  
vember, 1885, ink-black rain fell  
steadily for several hours in New  
York, and at least twice the last  
century a similar phenomenon has  
been observed in England.

Red rain is fairly common, and  
in May, 1885, there was a heavy  
fall of blood-red hail at Castlewel-  
lan, in Ireland. The red hue was  
not merely on the surface, for when  
one squeezed the ice pellets, the  
fingers were deeply stained. On  
one occasion there was a shower of  
red rain in London. When it was  
analyzed it was found that the  
peculiar color was due to the pres-  
ence of a minute water plant.

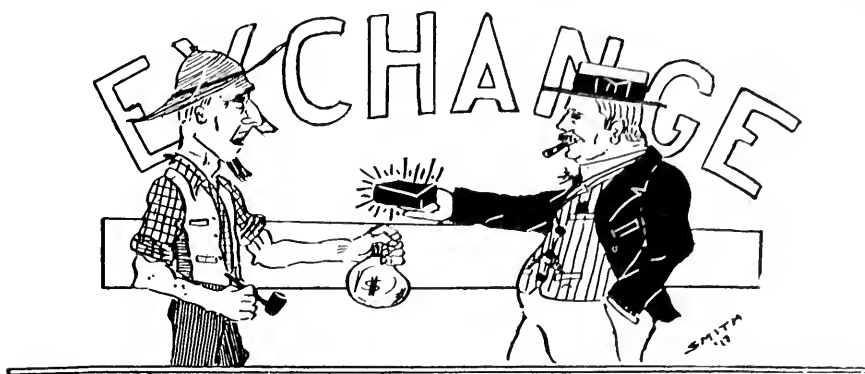
Black snow has been reported in  
the Alps, and red snow in Germany,  
the Lyrol, and in the Arctic regions.  
A learned professor states that the  
red snow occasionally noticed in  
the Alps bordering on the Mediter-  
ranean is due to the presence of  
minute particles of Sahara sand  
blown across by gales.

Showers of small frogs have been  
reported, but science is still skept-  
tical concerning this phenomenon.  
It is certain, however, that thous-  
ands of tiny frogs have been ob-  
served on many occasions hopping  
about after a heavy shower of rain,  
and the mystery as to whence and  
how they came in such numbers has  
never been solved.

---

"Give a sentence with the word  
'symphony.'"

"You symphony today."



T. RUBIN '26

When the summer, and the work on the farms connected with it, was over, a sudden change came over Mr. Gleaner.

One would hardly recognize that young country gentleman as he boarded the train for a visit to the city. Instead of the old trusty overalls, Mr. Gleaner wore one of the most fashionable collegiate outfits, which deceived the city people into believing he was a shoe salesman or a bookkeeper. A few hours later he was walking down a noisy street when his attention was suddenly attracted to a large sign "EXCHANGE" which was emblazoned in electric lights, hanging over the entrance of a large building.

"The good old club must have started its winter activities," murmured Mr. Gleaner as he entered the building.

He unobtrusively walked to his seat and settled down for an interesting afternoon's entertainment, for a meeting of The Exchangers was in progress. Soon the Chairman espied our hero and called on him to address the gathering. This was a surprise to Mr. Gleaner, but

he gathered up courage and soon was master of the situation. As he glanced through the audience he noticed many of his friends, among them were Miss Onas, Mr. Optimist, Mr. Rayen Record, Mr. Torch and Mr. Archive.

"I am glad to greet you," began Mr. Gleaner, "I have just come from the great outdoor world, and have been asked to remind you that the city and the country must co-operate with each other spiritually and mentally for their mutual welfare. We Exchangers are in an advantageous position to accomplish this, and should do so constantly and without reserve. I hope to see you all regularly at the National Farm School throughout the coming term."

With these words he resumed his seat amid the thunderous applause of the audience.

#### Heard at Junior Prom

He—"Let's sit on this bench."

She—"Oh, no, I'm afraid."

He—"Why? What's the matter?"

She—"It holds people up."

**Alas!**

---

One drawer was dumped on the floor, then another and another. Shirts went flying in all directions, shoes were scattered about and the room was in general disorder. The villain who had caused this commotion stood before the mirror in evening clothes, with the exception of a collar and tie, with a bewildered look on his face. With renewed determination he began to scatter clothes from every nook and corner of the room, muttering to himself, "Where could they be; where could they be?" Suddenly the doorbell rang and the Chinese laundryman entered with the two missing collar buttons in his hand.

Wolfson '27

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**Fashion Note**

"Gook" Gordon and Blister walked up town in their pajamas on a dare and got away with it. Everyone thought it was collegiate.

**Heard in the Dairy**

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The noise of cans being thrown around is heard as Mr. Stangle is seen approaching the dairy. He enters, looks around, and sees the Freshmen working. He asks of one of them: "Did the Junior in charge tell you what to do?"

Freshman—"Yes, sir, he did."

Mr. Stangle—"What did he tell you to do?"

Freshman—"He told me to holler when I saw you coming."

Harold Bloom '28

Freshman—"If the devil lost his tail where would he get a new one?"

Junior—"I dunno. Where?"

Freshman—"At a saloon where they retail spirits."

"This boat doesn't look exactly safe to me. "I can't just claim she's just safe, but she's mighty considerate. All five times she's sunk she's been close enough to shore so's we could all swim to land."

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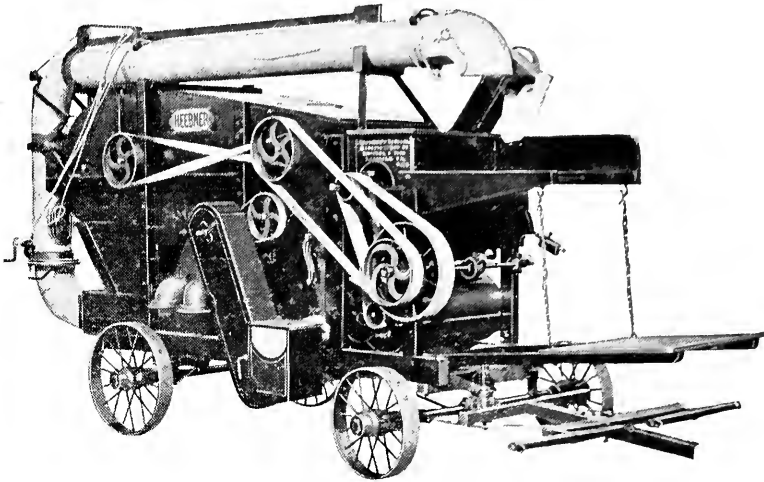
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